Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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A CRYSTAL MORNING.

BY MARION MANVILLE.

A KING came in the darkness with all his knightly train,
His heralds riding swiftly on their chargers of the rain.
We did not heed the voices, shut in so close and warm,
That wailed through sleet and shadow, the voices of the storm.

We heard the evening weeping outside the curtained pane,
We heard her soft tears falling, the tear-drops of the rain.
The wind, high-priest of winter, was chanting from the shrine,
And solemnly responded the organ of the pine.

The lights gleamed on the altar in gold against the blue,
Through clouds like incense rolling; the storm's high mass was through.
And when the stars had faded, the incense rolled away,
From the dim east approaching we saw the perfect day.

Ah, in that crystal morning which sparkled in the sun,
We marveled how in darkness such dainty work was done.
The deft nuns of the night-time such wondrous beads had strung,
And o'er each branch and tree-trunk their rosaries had flung.

O frozen rain of winter! Like diamonds and rare gems,
Whose like has never yet been set in earthly diadems.
I thought how from life's sorrows, where bitter snows have lain,
May spring some perfect jewel from every tear of pain.

How frost, and storm, and darkness, must compass us around,
Before the hidden treasures within each soul are found.
How on that crystal morning which dawneth after years
The glories of our heaven may be our life-storm's tears.

THE NIGHT CHARLIE RAN THE EXPRESS.

BY EDWARD A. RAND.

HALF after five, one stormy winter evening. Half after five, and against the gray, ashy sky, the smoke rose from Engine Twenty in a black column each time that the fireman coaled up. That evening a passenger-car ran next to the tender, and at the forward door of this car a face was pressed against the glass. With this face went much comforter and much coat, all belonging to a stout, solidly-built man.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, suddenly.

He was looking across the tender into the locomotive-cab. The fireman had swung back the heavy iron door of the furnace, and was shoveling coal down the throat of the dragon with its ravenous appetite for carbon. The glare of the flames filled the cab and flooded the tender with a sharp light, down through which the storm-flakes drifted a fleet of snowy sail across a sea of gold.

"That's pretty," said the watcher. While the snow and gold blended below, the smoke-stack above was belching out clouds of ebony. "And that, that is ugly," he murmured. "That's the way sometimes that things here end—in miserable smoke, black and ugly. But don't that fireman go it spry! He's worth noticing. Spry and on hand all the time. Bah! What a night!"

He shrugged his shoulders as he felt a cold draft from the outside atmosphere of mist and storm covering the level sea-marshes the train was crossing. Soon there was a perceptible slowing of the train, the cars occasionally jolting as if in the effort to halt they were dislocating a limb or two.

"Rock-*kee* Brook!" bawled the brakeman, and at Rocky Brook the coat-and-comforter man stepped out upon the platform. The fireman, Charlie Somes, alighted also, oil-can in hand.

"Beg pardon!" said Charlie, running against an old Rocky Brook acquaintance, Nathan Withers.

"Humph!" ejaculated the coat-and-comforter man. "He can make an apology. I like to see an employee gentlemanly, and any body in fact."

"No harm," said Nathan. "Fearful night, isn't it, Charlie?"

"Yes, and it will be worse. Chilly, cold, too."

Nathan followed the fireman as he moistened the tired, dry joints of the machinery with a bath of oil.

"Say, Charlie, it's a bad night, and take a nip of this. 'Twill put you in good condition."

Charlie stepped back as if Nathan had presented a pistol rather than a flask.

"I thank you, Nathan, but that wont do. It's against the rules of the road for me to touch it. They must have clear heads, you know, whoever may run these trains."

Nathan slipped back into the shadows clustering about the station. Charlie had gone to the head of the engine, oiling and talking with Nathan, and then returned to the neighborhood of the coat-and-comforter man, who overheard some of his conversation, and said to himself,

"That young fellow is decided, and can meet the necessities of the occasion. He must be promoted." Then he returned to the cars, Charlie stepping up into the cab.

The next day, Charlie rushed into the presence of his grandmother, with whom he and his sister lived, saying,

"Congratulate me! I saw our superintendent to-day, or he came to me. You see, last night he was on the train. He sent for me."

"For what?"

"You'll see. Said he, 'I want an extra hand to-night, to take Freight Seven down to Hartley, and there you'll find an express. Bring her through to Bentley. I saw that you refused some liquor last night. I want steady men.' So, grandma, I'm to be the engineer that will take the express through from Hartley to Bentley, twenty miles beyond Roaring Brook, and he says I may have an engine all the time. Whew! Don't I wish I was a steam-whistle that I might give vent to my feelings! Sallie, wave at me when I go by!"

"But banners for such triumphal occasions are scarce in this country," said Sallie, the sister living with the old lady.

"Take this," and Charlie went to his drawer for a handkerchief.

"But, Charlie," said grandma, "while I am glad to have you an engineer, is not that a risky train?"

"Why, grandma, I know the road as well as the orchard-path back of the house, and then I have run trains for short distances."

"Well, Charlie," and grandma, rising up, looked seriously at him, "keep a sharp lookout, and while you are looking *out* I will be looking *up*."

The old lady here solemnly, trustingly raised her eyes to heaven.

Charlie was taken in Freight Seven to Hartley, and there he found Engine Nine waiting for a place in the expected express.

Bill Stover was Charlie's fireman. He was a stubby, round-shouldered chap, carrying a black mop of hair on his head and another on his chin.

"Bill, do you think you and *I* can put this train through in good shape?" asked Charlie (slightly emphasizing the second pronoun), when Engine Nine had been shackled onto the express train.

"We will try it. We are harnessed to the train all right now. First signal has been given and the second will follow soon."

"There it is, the second signal! Forward, Engine Nine! Do your best to-night," said Charlie. As if intelligent, and not a bundle of machinery, the engine began to respond. The steam went fuming, shoving into the cylinders, the pistons began to play in and out like long muscular arms, the big, revolving wheels turned slowly, and the express was off.

"Choo-choo! Choo-choo!" coughed the engine, the dragon within relieving himself of several mouthfuls of black smoke, and spitefully spitting out a quantity of steam also.

"Hurrah!" said the young engineer to himself. He was as proud of Engine Nine as a mother is of her first baby. He looked with satisfaction upon the shining lever and throttle, viewed admiringly the polished steam-gauge, and when Bill Stover opened the furnace-door and revealed the roaring, raging volcano there, Charlie paid him this first-class compliment:

"Bill, I could not have built that fire better myself."

Away sped the express.

"Bill, she is good as a bird!" said Charlie, complacently eying Engine Nine, this wingless griffin skimming the land.

"She is a buffalo!" he exclaimed again, as the creature of iron and steel went rushing along, its eye of fire glaring, its throat shaking off a shaggy mass of smoke. Screaming at the cross-roads and defying the night, tearing through forests, rattling and rumbling across the open fields, roaring past the rocky cuts, away went the express.

"I'll give an extra whistle when we get to Rocky Brook," said Charlie.

"She wont be bird or buffalo then, but fish, boss," replied Bill.

"How so?"

"There may be so much water on the marsh that we must swim."

"I guess we are all right."

That was not so certain. Rocky Brook was a dainty, picturesque affair in summer, clear, sparkling, a strip of crystal mirror framed in drooping ferns and murmuring maples. When the long columns of the autumn rain went charging across the fields, it was not only a rocky but a *roaring* brook. When a winter thaw set in, it seemed to melt away the icy fetters of a mischievous water-sprite in the brook, who went out to play some very mad pranks wherever it might find banks confining it or a bridge spanning it. The brook crossed by a bridge was always supposed to run under the railroad track, but it had been known to express its contempt for this bridge, and boldly swept aside bridge, track, and any thing else in its way. At the time of our story, there had been a heavy rain cooling off into snow, and now by seven o'clock on the evening of this day, it was raining again. For hours the water-sprite had been roaming up and down Rocky Brook, bent on mischief.

Toward morning Sallie Somes was wakeful.

"I wonder what time it is," she thought. "Let me find out. I wonder, too, how Brother Charlie is getting along with his train."

She went into the kitchen and scratched a match in the face and eyes of the dignified old time-piece behind the door.

"Almost half after five, and soon it will be time for that express train the smart young engineer is running. The booby, to think he could see any thing I might wave before six! I'll go to the door and listen for any sound of the train."

Standing at the door under a leafless woodbine, holding her hand up to her ear, she listened intensely.

"What is that! Is it the train coming? No!"

She turned as if listening to sounds from an opposite quarter.

"Horrors!" she exclaimed.

The next moment she had seized a lantern hanging on a nail in the entry. Lighting it, she then put herself into a water-proof, hastily drawing its cape over her head and looking like a nun about to leave her cell for early morning prayers.

Rocky Brook was at the left of the station; the train would come down the track shooting from the right. The suspicious noise that Sallie heard came from the left. She flew along the path from the house to the station, glided rapidly across the platform, and then rushed down the track to the brook. Swinging her lantern before her, she looked down—not upon a safe, passable bridge, but a torrent! The bridge was gone! Only a swollen mass of water there, bits of white foam glistening on the surface like teeth that a water monster was showing.

"In a few minutes," thought Sallie, "the train will be here, and may God give me strength!"

She turned and flew up the track.

"Hark! Is that the express nearing the curve? There's a whistle! It must be at the Back Road Crossing. Quick! O! O—quick!"

The poor girl's heart bounded with fear. Rapid as was the flight of her feet, her heart seemed to be going still faster. The heavy ledge around which curved the track was only a hundred feet away, and nearing the ledge was that express train whistling at Birch Lane Crossing next.

"Quick, quick! There it is whistling again! May God help me!"

At that moment she stumbled, and headlong she went, the lantern breaking at her feet and the light going out! How she trembled! It seemed as if the stormy heavens were falling and covering her with their dense clouds, burying her in a hopeless grave. And there was the express train thundering on toward Rocky Brook. It must not be. She sprang to her feet. Where was her handkerchief? She could not find it, but there was Charlie's. She pulled it out, dipped it in the little pool of kerosene at her feet, and then, throwing out her water-proof on either side, she made a screen against the wind and rain.

"How glad I am that I took that card of matches with me when I went to find out the time at home. I'll light one," she was saying.

She ignited the handkerchief, threw the half-burnt match into the kerosene on the ground—a fruitless attempt—and then started up the track again, wildly waving her burning signal! Did she feel the smart of her singed fingers? She was only noticing a sharp glimmer of light around the curve, then a ball of fire, and finally it sharpened to an awful dazzle coming straight down the track!

"O stop! stop!" screamed Sallie. "Stop, Charlie! I'm waving your handkerchief as you told me! The bridge is swept away!"

The next moment she was conscious that something great, bewildering, terrible, had crashed past her, and now unconscious she fell beside the track.

Had Charlie seen the light? Thanks to the clear sight his good habits gave him, he saw the signal from the cab-window.

"A comet with a tail," Bill was saying.

"Danger, danger! Whistle 'down brakes!'" Charlie was shouting.

The sharp, clear shriek of the danger-signal cut the morning mist, and soon the heavy wheels began to turn less swiftly. The train rumbled on till the cow-catcher hung over the torrent and then stopped.

Charlie breathed as if some one had taken Mt. Washington off his shoulders.

"Danger, you say?" he said to the conductor, hurrying forward. "Danger enough! Look at Rocky Brook!"

Above the berths and seats in the cars, a hundred sleepy heads were now bobbing up like seals above the water. Two hundred feet came hurrying from the train. What exclamations of congratulation when the passengers realized what an escape they had had! And Sallie, where was she?

"Who saved us?" was the question raised.

"Somebody back there," said Charlie, and when the mysterious "somebody" was hunted up by him and others, they found Sallie lying by the track unconscious, the red roses in her cheeks all turned to white ones. She was carried to her home, revived, and the doctor soon pronounced her out of danger.

Some one laid a hand on Charlie as he was hurrying about. It was Nathan Withers.

"I say, Charlie," he cried, "I think Rocky Brook had better be filled up. Here's my contribution to the fillin'."

Into the brook he pitched his flask, and never bought another.

A PROTEST.

BY MARY H. MATHER.

I.

My name is Spring, but wait, O poets kind,
Before you seize your pens my charms to tell.
Before you sing, I pray you, change your mind,
And yield not to alluring Fancy's spell.

II.

I am aweary of the ceaseless praise
That countless ages have acknowledged mine.
Long, long ago bright fame's unfading bays
Great master hands around my brows did twine.

III.

Leave me, I pray, some bloom or flower unsung,
Some one bird carol undiscerned, unknown;
One leaf unsketched, one brook without a tongue,
A meadow silent, or a bud unblown.

IV.

Untrammeled by a sonnet or a song,
For this one season let my life be free.
Grant me seclusion sweet, O poet throng;
Go forth and live, but do not write of me!

CAPTAIN BINNACLE'S LECTURE ON SEA-TERMS ASHORE.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

I SUPPOSE hardly any one among OUR YOUTH'S many readers will have the least idea what the letters B. B. M. I. C. stand for. They are not, let me say at once, the mystic symbol of some secret society with Most Worthy Grand Panjandrums, Supreme High Cockolorums, and other imposing officials, such as all boys delight in at one time or another, but they mean simply the Bluenose Boys' Mutual Improvement Club; and with the kind permission of Will Morrow, its energetic president, I am going to invite all who care to listen, to be present at one of the meetings of this very excellent society. Of course you can accept the invitation in mind only, so it wont make much matter if you fail to find the city of Chebucto on any map in your geographies. Perhaps it does not go by that name nowadays. At all events Chebucto is a great place for boys, and the Mutual Improvement Club has among its members a number of the brightest boys in the city, who meet on Saturday evenings at the home of each in turn, and have readings, dialogues, and debates among themselves, and once a month a short lecture from one of the old folks upon some subject in which they can all take an interest.

Chebucto is not only a great place for boys, but for ships and sailors also. It boasts of one of the finest harbors in the world, and there are hundreds of vessels and thousands of sailors in port almost all the year round, which fully explains why Chebucto boys are so fond of the sea, and take such a lively interest in every thing connected with the bronzed and brawny men who do business upon the great waters. When therefore Will Morrow announced that his father had asked Captain Binnacle, the commander of one of Mr. Morrow's steamers, to give the club a short lecture on some nautical subject at the next monthly meeting, the boys were all delighted, and resolved to give the captain a hearty reception.

This is the meeting to which I am permitted to invite you, and so without further ado I will now introduce Captain Binnacle—a renowned master of ships—who has spent a life-time on the ocean, and by making good use of his spare time has become one of the best informed, as he is certainly one of the best-looking, skippers in the merchant service.

The captain began by saying that while every body loved Jack, the sailor, because he was such a frank, manly, generous kind of a chap, not many people knew what a number of words and phrases Jack had invented and they had appropriated, and were using every day of their lives. He thought it was quite time Jack was given his due in this matter, and so went on to say:

"The first word I will take is 'main-stay.' You have all heard this expression, 'She is the main-stay of the house,' or, 'He is the main-stay of the business,' but perhaps it never occurred to you that the word 'main-stay' has come ashore, meaning when afloat the great steel or hempen hawser which slants forward from the main-mast of the ship down to the deck, and keeps the mast stiff and steady no matter how hard the wind may blow. Some day or other, not for a good many years perhaps, you will take a deep interest in another word Jack has been good enough to invent for you, and that is 'spliced.' When two people are brave enough to get married their friends say they are 'spliced,' and you have only to watch a sailor making what he calls a splice to understand how appropriate the word is to matrimony.

"When you grow up to be men, and go into business on your own account, I trust you will never have reason to know what it is to be 'thrown on your beam-ends.' For a ship to be on her beam-ends is to be in a very ugly and dangerous position indeed. It can only happen in some dreadful storm, and it means that instead of riding over the waves on an even keel, the unlucky vessel is lying over on her side until her yards dip into the water, and her deck slopes worse than the roof of a house. She cannot stay in that position long. The masts must be cut away, and the vessel righted, or down she will go with all on board, and that is just the situation business men sometimes find themselves in when a financial hurricane heaves them down until they are on the verge of sinking into the depths of insolvency. Another unpleasant experience is being 'hard-up.' Probably you have all had a taste of that. For a ship's helm to be put 'hard-up,' that is, as far as it will possibly go to port or starboard, means that there is some danger in the road, a heavy squall coming on, or breakers ahead, or the sudden appearance of another vessel right across her track. The word does not bear precisely the same meaning on shore nowadays, but as being hard-up implies being in difficulties, so far as both men and ships are concerned, you can easily see the force of the phrase.

"All the ladies love sailors because they know right well that no man has a more lively admiration for them than Jack, but there are very few of them, I'll wager, have the least idea that when they say, 'I was really quite taken aback, my dear,' they are in debt to Jack for those very expressive words. A ship is 'taken aback' by a sudden change in the wind, which instead of bellying out the canvas, and bowling her merrily along, chops round, and bangs the sails up against the mast so that the vessel comes to a stand-still. And the very same thing often happens among people. Things are going along smoothly when puff!—a rude remark, a sudden show of temper, and somebody is sure to be 'taken aback,' much to his discomfort.

"There are two favorite expressions of Jack which every boy who has any respect for himself must take care never to have truthfully applied to him, namely, that he is given to being 'slewed,' and to 'spinning twisters.' To slew mean to turn, and therefore to say that a man is 'slewed' signifies that he is turned the wrong way by drink, a state into which poor Jack is only too apt to get himself when he is ashore with plenty of pay in his pocket. He is a great hand at 'spinning a twister' is a remark often made about people who are fond of telling long stories which, while not altogether lies, are so full of exaggerations as to leave very scanty storage room for the truth, and the origin of the phrase is this: Every ship has on board a little machine known as the 'spunyarn winch,' with which the sailors make a small kind of rope called 'spunyarn,' which is useful in a hundred different ways. This winch twists up the yarns together, and they are then stretched along at great length, from the fo'c's'le to the poop perhaps; so that 'spinning a twister' and 'spinning a long yarn' have had the same birthplace.

"Then the lawyers and the politicians, both of which some of you lads are sure to be later on, are in special debt to Jack also. They often speak about there being 'a hitch in the arrangement,' when some difficulty occurs in a matter they have in hand, and it is a very good way of putting it, for a hitch is a knot or turn in a rope which prevents it from traveling or running out freely. Jack has several kinds of these hitches, such as 'half-hitch,' 'clove-hitch,' 'timber-hitch,' and so on, each having its own special use. After the provoking 'hitch in the arrangement' has been successfully got over, it is perhaps all 'plain sailing,' which is a landsman's notion of bowling along without any trouble, with a clear course, a fair wind, and nothing to do but mind the helm. There is another kind of sailing, however, which is not so satisfactory, and that is 'sailing under false colors.' If honest Jack were invited to give these same lawyers and politicians a bit of advice, he would perhaps say something in this wise: 'Avast, ho! my hearties, keep a sharp lookout ahead; be always "above board," don't try to "sail under false colors," and don't be always thinking how you can "overreach your mates," for ten to one you will end up by "falling foul" of them, and may be "foundering yourself."' Now here, boys, is a lot of terms invented by Jack that have established themselves on shore. To be 'above board' means to be out on the open deck where every body can see you, and not hidden away in the cabin or forecastle. To 'sail under false colors,' is to hoist at the masthead the flag of another nation than that to which the vessel really belongs. It is often done in times of war. If there was war between England and France, for instance, and a French vessel on meeting an English cruiser were to hoist the stars and stripes, that would be a case of sailing under false colors. By 'overreaching' is meant a vessel holding on too long on one tack. Ships 'fall foul' of one another when a gale causes them to drag their anchors and come into collision, and no one who has ever been on board a ship at such a time, and heard the grinding of the huge hulls as the waves bump them together, the crashing of the spars aloft, the shouting of the captains, and the swearing of the men, will ever forget what it is to 'fall foul.' But 'foundering' is still worse, for that only happens when a gallant vessel after being beaten about by a terrible storm opens her seams until, becoming full of water, she goes right down in mid-ocean, taking all on board with her to 'Davy Jones's locker.'

"Sometimes when a lawyer is making a very pathetic appeal to the jury, or a politician an eloquent address in the House, his opponent will jump up and ask a question or make an interruption that will start every body off laughing, and thus completely spoil the effect of the speech. This you call 'taking the wind out of his sails,' an expression that at once proclaims its salty origin. At sea a vessel takes the wind out of another's sails by passing in between her and the wind, just as the *Puritan* was clever enough to do in her famous race with the *Genesta* last autumn.

"Of course, my lads, these I have given are not by any means all the words and expressions which landsmen owe to Jack, but I wont bother you with many more, or you will think I am spinning altogether too long a yarn myself, and be longing for me to come to an anchor. I have already told you how the ladies, the lawyers, and the politicians have borrowed expressions from Jack's fruitful vocabulary, and it is now the turn of the merchants. Suppose, Mr. President, you asked your father how business was, and he replied that although there had been a great falling off some time ago, it was beginning to look up, and getting into the right course again, he would use at least three well-known sea-terms in that short sentence. A ship 'falls off' when the wind draws ahead, and gets in her way, as it were, and is said to be 'looking up' when after pointing off her course she gradually steals round to it again through the veering of the wind, thus 'getting into the right course'—that is, the straightest line for the port to which she is bound.

"One of Jack's words that became very popular after the murder of President Garfield, and has been in constant use ever since, is 'crank,' which every body agreed was just the word for the miserable wretch Guiteau. A crank ship is one that has too little ballast on board, and is consequently in danger of going over on her beam-ends at the first squall, and as half-witted people are always ill-balanced, you can see at once how expressive the term 'crank' is.

"One more word, boys, and I will come to anchor. That word is 'brace up,' and it contains a very good bit of advice too. When we feel lazy, discouraged, discontented, or miserable about any thing, 'in the doldrums,' as Jack would say, we must brace up, as ships at sea brace up their yards that they may make the most of the wind.

"By way of a wind up I will give you half a dozen sea-terms, the meanings of which it will be amusement for you to find out for yourselves, namely: 'Making head-way,' 'making lee-way,' 'holding her own,' 'shot in the locker,' 'see how the land lies,' 'the coast is clear,' 'look out for squalls,' 'coming to,' and 'beating about.' That will be enough, I think; and now, lads, thanking you heartily for not getting tired of an old sailor's talk, and wishing you all a prosperous voyage on life's ocean, I will 'avast heaving' and have done."

REX RANSOM'S CRUISE TO FAR CATHAY.

A Serial Story.

BY AN OFFICER IN THE U. S. NAVY.

CHAPTER XV.

Glimpses of Canton.

Rex spent three delightful days with Mr. and Mrs. James in Canton sight-seeing. Their usual habit was to rise before seven, have family prayers, and a substantial breakfast, and go off for the day, taking a lunch with them; for there are no hotels or restaurants in the city proper kept by foreigners. Mr. James gave the whole of the first day to Rex's company and enjoyment, and parts of the second and third, Mrs. James taking her husband's place when duties called him elsewhere. The evenings were spent at home with the children, who

made a hero of Rex, and asked him all sorts of questions about his ship.

It would take a volume to detail all that Rex saw and felt and thought and learned in those rare days. There will be scarcely space in a single chapter to more than touch upon what most interested him.

Before starting on the first morning Mr. James brought out a map of Canton and opened it on the table.

"You will want to get your bearings, Rex," he said, "for Canton is such a labyrinth that you will never know in what direction you are going unless you get an idea beforehand. Now, here is the city proper within these heavy lines which stand for the walls. It is very irregular in shape, you see, coming nearer to a square than any thing else. The walls average about twenty-five feet in height, and from twenty to twenty-five wide. They are about six miles round, and were built about five hundred years ago. Here are the gates—there are sixteen in all. The principal streets, you see, run from the gates and cross each other at right angles almost. Then, here is a cross-wall running east and west. This separates the old, or Tartar, city from the new city. The Tartar dynasty, you know, rules China now, and in all the great cities you will find a military colony and garrison holding the fort, or the kernel. There's the Tartar general's yamun, a little to the left of the center on the map; and there is the Viceroy's above it to the right. The Viceroy is the ruler of the two Kwang provinces—Kwang-tung, from which our name Canton comes, and Kwang-si.

"Now look west of the wall. There is quite a large suburb, you see, outside the city proper. The silk-weaving is done here, and this is the district for manufacturing generally. We shall find here the finest temples and private residences. This is where we live, here at the south-west, opposite Shameen. There is quite a water front on the north side of the river, taking the western suburbs and the city together—over four miles, I believe. Then, on the south across the river is the suburb of Honam, where we landed last night. We ought to find time, if we can, to go over there again and see Howqua's famous garden with its lotus pond and rockery and flowers. There are shrubs there which have been trained, or stunted, so as to represent animals and fish and men. The effect is quite droll to a stranger. And there is a duck factory near by where ducks' eggs are hatched by artificial heat. The Chinese have been doing this for centuries. And they make gunpowder over there, and matting and coffins and—"

"Edward, you will never get through if you undertake a catalogue of Chinese industries," admonished his wife.

"That's so, Hester," said her husband, smilingly. "Well, Rex, to return to the map. Here, on the east, you see, there isn't much—a parade-ground, some cemeteries, and various asylums for the blind, the lepers, old men, old women, and foundlings.

"Now, to-day, let me see! I guess we'll work up to the five-story pagoda up here on the wall at the north, and on our way back we'll take in the Examination Hall on the east, and the Execution Ground—"

"O, Edward, *don't* take Rex there," pleaded his wife. "It is too horrible! You ought not to tell him what has happened there."

"Well, we'll see," said Mr. James. "May be we shall not have time to go there to-day."

"Have you told Rex what curious names some of the streets have?" Mrs. James asked.

"Not yet. I'll remember that as we go along."

They bade Mrs. James and the children good-bye, and started on their exploration.

"As to the street names that my wife spoke of," said Mr. James, as they came out of the gate, "we shall shortly come to Great Peace Street; we shall enter the city wall through the Gate of Virtue; we shall cross going north the Street of Benevolence and Love. In the course of our tramps we shall come across streets bearing such names as Ninefold Brightness, Everlasting Love, Early-bestowed Blessings, Refreshing Breezes—"

"I don't wonder they call the Chinese 'Celestials,'" Rex interrupted, with a hearty laugh.

"Then there are various Dragon streets—Ascending Dragon, Reposing Dragon, Saluting Dragon—and streets named Longevity, Five Blessings, One Hundred Grandsons, One Thousand Grandsons, A Thousand Beatitudes."

"Why, I never heard any thing so queer," said Rex, greatly amused.

They soon came to the streets themselves—not streets at all in our sense of the word, but lanes from five to eight feet wide, paved with granite, and very clean. These lanes were lined with stores, and houses above of brick or stone. Very frequently, from roof to roof, canvas or bamboo screens were stretched, almost shutting out the sky, but producing a pleasant effect when the sun's rays shot through and lighted up the hurrying crowds in the street below, and the perpendicular shop-signs glittering with vermilion and gold.

Rex tried to stop and look at some of the stores, but the curious crowd that immediately surrounded him and the crowd that jostled against him hindered. He could not loiter. The cries of coolies carrying burdens warned him to get out of the way, and he was often obliged to jump suddenly to the side of the wall to permit a chair or palanquin to pass. He could only glance at the interiors of the stores as he went by.

"There is no danger of being run over here," he said to Mr. James, "for there are no horses or carts, but there is decided danger of being run down."

"O no," said his friend, "they wont run you down; they'll wait for you to get out of the way, but they'll give you a piece of their mind—in Chinese."

Some of the streets, he discovered, were devoted to one single industry or interest—a street where nothing but shoes were sold; another given up to jade-stone jewelry; another to furniture; another to china-ware; another to workers in brass, or silver, or gold; another to coffins; another to second-hand clothing where rich old embroideries were offered for sale. He passed stores where roasted pigs, dogs, cats, and split and salted ducks were hanging, all ready for purchasers. He looked in vain for rats. He gave an involuntary squirm when he was shown, among other delicacies, some horrid-looking caterpillars; and the fish-stalls, where live fish were being sliced, and were wriggling and bleeding under the knife, almost turned his stomach. He would not believe that he could ever care to eat the costly birds'-nests, brought from Sumatra and Borneo, and so highly relished by Chinese epicures. On the other hand, the vegetable and fruit displays proved very tempting to him. The oranges and bananas and pommeloes and mangoes and pomegranates made his mouth water.

When they reached the city gate they were obliged to produce their passports, which were taken into a sort of office for registration. Then they took chairs and paid a brief visit to the Temple of the Five Genii. They looked up to the great bell, which is said to weigh about five tons, and the sound of which is regarded as an omen of disaster. They saw the shrine of the Genii, and the five stones in front, which are claimed to be the very rams, only petrified, on which the Five Genii rode when they came to Canton, "bearing the five grains emblematic of plenty;" whence Canton is called "The City of Rams." They turned aside also to see the Confucian temple of that district, and the Mohammedan mosque over a thousand years old, with the tall, minaret-topped pagoda, one hundred and sixty feet high, next to it. Farther on, and to the west of the yamun of the Tartar general, they saw the old Flowery Pagoda, built in A.D. 500, but recently repaired, octagonal in shape, and rising to a height of one hundred and seventy feet.

They had not been allowed to enter these pagodas, but when they had climbed to the five-story pagoda, which proved to be not a pagoda at all, but a red, five-storied tower, or house, on an angle of the wall, Rex was permitted to enjoy from the top the view which he craved.

The outlook was a striking one. Better than any map could show him, he saw the Tartar City below, with the circuit of its walls; the new city beyond it, and the suburbs on the west and south. The pagodas which they had passed towered high above the many-shaped house-roofs, as did also the lofty godowns of the pawnbrokers, and the walls and spires of the French Cathedral. Here and there the dark green of the banian, or the lighter green of the bamboo, broke the monotony of the roofs. The windings of the river could be traced for a long distance. To the eastward lay the range of the White Cloud hills; on the north an extended plain dotted with villages; while, closer to the walls, the eye fell upon a city more populous than the one inside, but more still—the city of the dead.

"This hill," said Mr. James, "was the head-quarters of the French and English forces when they held the city from 1858 to 1862. They used to occupy this pagoda, and the temples yonder."

They had a jolly sort of a lunch together in the open air near the pagoda. They sat at a stone table under a banian-tree, and Mr. James told some funny stories about his missionary experiences, which made Rex shake with laughter.

"And now there are so many things to see, and so little time to see them in," he exclaimed, as they rose from the table. "There are some interesting temples on this hill and a Taoist monastery, but we cannot stop for them. How would you like to go to a Buddhist hell?" he inquired, with twinkling eyes.

"I am quite willing to follow if you will lead," Rex merrily replied.

They came back to almost the center of the Tartar City, to the Street of Benevolence and Love.

"This is a favorite temple," Mr. James explained, as they went in, "and much resorted to. It is the city temple, sacred to Shing Wong, the tutelary deity of the city. These table and stalls which you see here in the court, stretching away up to the temple, are rented to dentists, or fortune-tellers, or gamblers, or quacks, or pastry-cooks, and bring in a large profit to the priests. Behind those palings, in those five recesses on each side are representations of Buddhist punishments. They are rather dusty, and the interiors are rather dark, but you can look in and see."

Rex went from recess to recess. Horribly grotesque were the images carved out of wood, resembling a wax-show, upon which he gazed—criminals being tried and bastinadoed; one poor wretch being sawn asunder between boards; another being beheaded; another squirming in a vat of boiling oil; another being beaten to pulp in a rice-mill; and still another being roasted under a red-hot bell.

"I think that will do," said Rex, after he had seen all he cared to. "I don't believe I shall turn Buddhist right away."

They watched the worshipers for a while in the temple bowing toward the image, murmuring their prayers and lighting incense sticks. They looked in at one or two adjoining temples, and returned through the gate-way of the "temple of horrors."

"And now for the Examination Hall," said Mr. James. "Do you know, Rex, what a democracy exists in China?"

"No," said the youth; "I must confess I do not know much about the government in any way."

"Ah, well," said Mr. James, "it is an empire, of course, and one of the most remarkable specimens of statecraft in the world. But what I mean is this: If you were the son of the poorest coolie in China, there would be no barrier between you and the highest post near the throne, except, of course, lack of brains and application. Just as any youth at home, of whatever grade in society, may aspire to be the President of the United States, so any youth in China may aspire to be prime minister of the empire. All civil offices are filled with literary graduates of the second and third degrees."

"Why, isn't that our civil service reform?" asked Rex.

"Yes, only here it isn't a reform; it is a fact, and has been so for centuries. Appointments to office are made on the results of an examination, in which perhaps ten thousand compete, and only a hundred receive a degree. Of course secret favoritism and bribery may in rare cases have an influence, but as a rule the system is impartially carried out. The only nobility China has is her literary nobility."

"How many degrees are there?" said Rex.

"Three," with two preliminary examinations. Two of these degrees may be taken here—the *Siu-tsai*, or 'Beautiful Ability,' and the *Kiju-jin*, or 'Promoted Men.' The third can be taken only in Peking. It follows, of course, by reason of these great competitions, in which not more than one in a hundred is successful, that the literary class in China is a very large one."

"But what do they study? What are their examinations in?" Rex inquired. "In science, logic, mathematics, Greek, and Latin?"

"O no; nothing but the Chinese classics, and essays or poems written upon them. There are no text-books in China but the classics and elementary books preparatory to them. But these classics are to be memorized to the last degree of accuracy."

"That's queer!" said Rex, thoughtfully.

"Let me see if I can make it clearer to you," said Mr. James. "See here," he said, taking a Chinese book out of his pocket, "Look at these characters. They are not letters, they are words, and there are as many different characters as there are words. Just think how hard that would be in our language! Now the first thing for a Chinese boy to do is to learn the names of the characters without any reference to their meaning, just as, for instance, you would memorize Homer in Greek, without knowing that language. Now a boy learns perhaps ten new characters a day. After a while he takes up the classics—the sayings of Confucius, for instance. He commits sentence after sentence to memory without knowing the meaning. After some years of memorizing the teacher begins to explain the meaning. Meantime the boy has also learned to write the characters, and prepare compositions of his own."

And they don't learn geography, nor history, nor science, nor any of those things?"

"No, nothing but the classics. But then these, you remember, unlike what we call classics, are strictly ethical writings; and when a man passes the examinations and enters political life he is saturated through and through with moral sentiments."

"The 'heathen Chinee' might teach us a lesson in that respect," suggested Rex, "but how ignorant of all that we call knowledge the Chinese must be?"

"Yes," said Mr. James," it would be a fine thing if our legislators, and diplomatic agents, and all our civil officers, had to undergo a strict ethical as well as literary examination."

This conversation had been carried on by snatches as they hurried along the crowded streets, and with many interruptions. One of the latter was caused by a brief visit to an opium den, which they happened to discover on their way. Rex looked with a great deal of curiosity at a group of victims to that fatal habit, lolling on platforms, and smoking the drug in a queer shaped pipe. Some of them were half stupefied, and some were sleeping. The room was small, and dark, and closely packed. They stood just inside the door. Mr. James spoke to some of the men and borrowed a pipe of one of them to show to Rex.

"That is one of the deadliest instruments in the world," he said. "It will steal away your senses, unfit you for any kind of business, unman you, emaciate you, blind you perhaps, cause you nameless pain and misery, reduce you to beggary, and ruin you, in short, here and hereafter."

"Thank you," said Rex, "but I do not think I will invest to-day. You may give it back."

They came at length to the Examination Hall. Rex was somewhat disappointed. He expected to see a stately edifice;

he found, instead, a large inclosure divided off by a succession of long, low, parallel buildings, with an avenue running down the center; each building divided into narrow compartments, or cells, not quite six feet deep, nor quite four feet wide; and "not much better," as some one has described it, "than horse-sheds around a New England meeting-house in the olden time." There were over 10,000 of these cells. Rex looked in at one. It was unfurnished and bare.

"Where does the man sit?" he asked.

"O, they stick a board into that niche in the wall for him to sit on; and another into that other niche to eat on or write on. They bring in their own bedding here, and food, and writing materials, but no books. They are individually searched to see that they have no writing secreted upon their persons anywhere."

"How long does the examination last?"

"They have three sessions of three days each, with a day's intermission between the sessions. The candidates are put in over night, I believe; then, in the morning, the same texts are given to all, and they are shut in. The essays must be ready by the next morning. These essays are handed in at the Hall of Perfect Rectitude in the rear yonder, and examined in the Hall of the Auspicious Stars."

They discussed awhile longer this peculiarly Chinese institution, and then discovered that they had but little of the day left for further exploration.

"Possibly we can look in at the Execution Ground if we walk fast," said Mr. James," and then we can take a sampan home."

Rex was again disappointed when they passed down the lane to the spot they were seeking, and found a dirty lot, littered with newly made, drying pottery. It was about seventy-five feet long by twenty-five wide, and there was nothing impressive about it. But when Mr. James told him that these earthen pots and pans were cleared way when an execution took place; that from ten to forty poor wretches were sometimes beheaded here in a single day; that in the year 1855, over 50,000 rebels met their bloody fate where they were now standing, and that this piece of soil had drank more blood than any other spot of equal size in the world, the youth's eyes grew large with horror.

"They are brought here in baskets, and then arranged right along here near this wall in rows, on their knees, their arms pinioned behind. An assistant pulls up the arms, which throws the neck forward, and the executioner smites off the head with a single blow."

"Don't they scream or struggle?" Rex asked.

"Very rarely, I am told. Sometimes they are weakened by torture or confinement, or stupefied with *saam-su* or opium. Those crosses yonder," said Mr. James, pointing to some rude bamboo specimens leaning against the wall, "are reserved for criminals of the worst class. They are tied to them, and then the executioner takes a basket of knives and cuts them in pieces. Sometimes he slices off a breast or digs out an eye, for instance, and so goes on, hacking the living flesh before giving the final stroke. If it were not so dark, we should see blood-stains and skulls and jaw-bones in the rubbish here."

Rex gave a shudder. His lively imagination conjured up the horror of having to die in such a terrible way. He was glad to leave this modern Golgotha behind him. The place seemed haunted with ghosts.

In the days that followed, Rex saw many other interesting things. He visited the famous clepsydra, or water-clock, over five hundred years old—four copper jars, placed one above the other on steps, so that the water drops from one to the other, a floating indicator in the lowest marking the hours as the water rises. He went to the Missionary Hospital, founded by Dr. Peter Parker in 1839. He climbed to the top of a pawn-shop. He visited the Temple of the Five Hundred Genii, or disciples of Buddha, and saw the long series of gilded images, all differing in features, expression, and position. He saw the finest specimens of richly carved blackwood, sandal-wood, and ivory, porcelain, lacquer-work, etc. But we have not space to tell all that he saw.

As Mr. James had warned him, it was hard for him to leave Canton—hard to leave a kind of life so purely, so fascinatingly Oriental; hard, too, to leave his newly found friends who had treated him as though he were a son. They, too, were sorry to part with him. They came to the boat to see him off. Little Mrs. James drew him aside, and looked lovingly into his eyes.

"We shall miss you, Rex," she said. "Remember, while you are in the East, you have a home here. Come and see us when you can. Write to us often. And if you should be sick, don't let them send you to a hospital—come to us."

Rex's eyes were moist and shining when he bade her good-bye.

[*To be continued.*]

HERE AND THERE A GEM.

Sow with a generous hand;
Pause not for toil or pain;
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain;
But wait till the autumn comes
For the sheaves of golden grain.

Sow, and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears—
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in bitter tears.

—*Adelaide Proctor.*

OF USING LESSON HELPS PROFITABLY.

BY DANIEL WISE, D.D.

At no time since the organization of the Sunday-school system have "helps" for Sunday teachers been so profusely abundant, so rich in materials, so skillfully prepared as at present. The results of learned exegesis, the flowers of theological learning and thought, the wealth of historical illustration are compressed, formulated, and made ready for the teacher's use. With these lights concentrated upon the lesson, he must be an incorrigible dunce or an unpardonable idler who cannot explain its meaning and make clear its precepts to scholars of average brightness and intelligence.

But may not the completeness, not to say the perfection, of these lesson helps, instead of contributing to a teacher's success as they ought to do, be so perverted in using as to unfit him for the real work of his office? Finding in them the fruits of much study, may he not fancy that he has no need to study the lesson verses himself, that all he needs to do is to become verbally familiar with what is so well expressed in his "helps?" Inspired by this false fancy, instead of seeking the living, quickening truth contained in, or suggested by, the divine words of the lesson, he aims no higher than the mechanical, the formal mastery of the words and ideas which are designed to be not the ends of his study, but mere lights to guide him to the truth itself. The result is that he neither finds the truth nor does the truth find him. The letter of the truth meets his eye, but both his intellect and his heart are dead to its spirit. He fails to find God in it. It does not awaken his gratitude, quicken his conscience, kindle his spiritual affection, or become in him "a power making for righteousness." Hence, despite the fullness and high aims of his lesson helps, his preparation for the great work of teaching is merely mechanical.

The stream cannot ascend higher than its fountain; therefore the teaching following such preparation is also mechanical. It aims to communicate words, phrases, facts, and

formulated statements of truth. It does this either with droning indifference or at best with a measure of intellectual force. But the animation of a heart that discerns God in the truths taught is not in it. The yearning desire of a soul seeking to attract the listening scholar to the Christ who is the "spirit and life" of the lesson is not breathed into its utterances. It is teaching that demonstrates its own lack of life by its failure to communicate life to those who are taught by it. And inasmuch as minds trained to regard revealed truth as a mere form of words are hardened against its spiritual influence, such teaching is not even harmless, but really hurtful.

What then? Is there no way by which one may rise above this dead mechanical level? Most assuredly there is. He who would be a teacher of divine truth must first be a genuine student of that truth, seeking it, not exclusively by appropriating the statements of the lesson helps, but by diligent, prayerful effort to discern what is actually hidden in the words of God as given in the Scripture.

He must draw near to the written word, as Moses did to the burning bush, reverently listening that he may hear the voice of the Unseen One. Dr. Drummond has a thought which is in point here. Speaking of the theology of books and of the pulpit, as being by itself unfit to satisfy the needs of the human soul, he says:

"The moment you appropriate truth in such a shape you appropriate a form. You cannot cut and dry truth. You cannot accept truth ready made without its ceasing to nourish the soul as truth. You cannot live on theological forms without becoming a parasite, and ceasing to be a man."

This pregnant remark applies to lesson helps as well as to other sources of theological knowledge. To be profitable they must be rightly used. Behind and beyond them are truths which make their light brighter, and to which they are intended to lead the student. Used as heights from which wider views stretch out before the inquiring eye, as aids to the clearer perception of Christ, without whose ever-living Spirit the word of truth itself is but a dead letter, they become stimulants to the brain and heart of the teacher, and help to his real success, which consists, not merely in the communication of words and facts, but in persuading his pupils to seek that divinely given life which is the essential element of genuine religion.

CAPTURING A SLAVER.

SLAVERY has lost its reality to the youth of our day, and the following description of a slave ship's capture seems entirely out of date. But it was no longer ago than last August that the affair took place which is thus described in a letter to the "St. James Gazette:"

The steam cutter, being short of coal, left one man and an interpreter on the lookout (with orders to mark down any dhows arriving, but not to get into any danger) while she ran down to the depot island to fill up with coals. Scarcely had she got out of sight when in came a dhow. The captain and crew eagerly scanned the surrounding bays and islands for men-of-war boats, and, finding none, dropped their anchor. Perceiving that she was a doubtful and suspicious vessel, the interpreter obtained an old canoe, placed the blue-jacket in the bottom of it with strict injunctions not to show himself, and proceeded to pull off to the stranger. Arriving within a few hundred yards of the dhow, the captain espied the blue-jacket in the bottom of the canoe, and, together with his crew of Arabs (five in number), proceeded to load their guns and flourish their swords. At this crisis the blue-jacket, sailor-like, wanted to make a dash for the dhow; but the interpreter, with poor Captain Brownrigg's fate fresh in his memory, was more wary. "Wait a bit, Jack," said he, "we'll get them all right;" and poling the canoe on the shore, he ran along the beach a little way to a small bay where the boats lie generally hid, and began to shout and shriek to two imaginary boats, telling them to be quick. "Come on, come on," he shouted; "they are going to jump overboard and swim on shore;" and sure enough these five Arabs sprang overboard, and swimming to the shore four of them bolted into the bush, and were not seen again. One of them, however, the captain of the dhow, finding that the boats did not turn up, made toward the blue-jacket with his gun. Every time the Arab attempted to take aim Jack flung himself down in the sand; and, on the other side, the Arab, who was up to his waist in the water, ducked underneath whenever the sailor covered him with his rifle. Jack did not seem to realize the danger of letting the Arab come within range of his gun until the interpreter had repeatedly told him that if he did not "pink" the Arab, the Arab would "pink" him. So the next chance he got he fired, and must have struck the Arab somewhere in the chest, for he just shrieked "Allah!" threw up his arms, and sank beneath the water. When the officer returned he found his man and the interpreter in quiet possession of a 57-ton dhow, with thirty-five slaves in her. The dhow has been condemned, the slaves liberated, and the court expressed an opinion that the Arab's death was perfectly justifiable.

A QUEER BEDFELLOW.

THE "Philadelphia Times" is responsible for this mouse story, the wonderful feature of which is that it turns out a snake story and sounds much like a fish story:

"Ma, I believe there's a mouse in my bed!" exclaimed a young lady near Antietam Junction.

Her mother was not so much alarmed by the remark as she would have been had it related to the maternal bed, but suggested that the young lady should investigate. The bed clothing was hauled off and the mouse did not make its appearance. The mattress was then tilted off the bedstead, but no mouse.

"My child, you are nervous," said the mother; "go to sleep and don't think about it any more."

About midnight the girl gave a loud scream and bounced out of bed in a hurry. The bed clothes were hastily dragged off and the mattress shaken, but the mouse was not forthcoming.

"I am sure I felt it move then," sobbed the frightened maiden. "I know it's something."

The mother calmed the nervous young lady with difficulty, and tried to induce her to go to sleep. She did not do so, however, until placed in the spare room in a bed of generous proportions and above all suspicion of harboring mice. The next day a rigid investigation was held. Nothing less than cutting open the mattress would satisfy the young lady.

There wasn't any mouse. Instead of that, when the bed-tick was cut open and its contents emptied on the floor, a garter-snake two feet long wriggled about, half-scared to death. A broomstick calmed the snake's nerves forever in a short time. It is supposed that a stray snake egg was sewed up in the mattress with the shucks which constituted the bulk of its stuffing.

FROM PASTIME TO PROFIT.

MR. CHARLES BARNARD, in his articles on "How to make money," has insisted that if one will make a superior article a ready market may be found. The following extract from the New York "Sun" illustrates this truth admirably:

While a lady was entertaining a friend up-town yesterday, a servant was directed to "bring in the new style Charlotte Russe." Instead of the usual piles of froth projecting above paper collars of questionable aspect, the servant brought creamy puff-balls standing on glass sauce dishes.

"There is a story connected with these," said the lady. "A young woman, the daughter of a New York journalist of some note, has a natural liking as well as a natural faculty for cooking fancy dishes, and her father is willing to indulge her fancy. Among other things she made a new combination for Charlotte Russe, using cream, purchased from a country friend, instead of the whites of limed eggs used by the bakers, and some other ingredients not commonly found in bakeries. Of course they were delicious. In some way a down-town hotel man heard of them, and found that he could give his guests a new pleasure, for the young woman was willing to sell them, and now the young woman is making a deal more money than her father, and she only works three hours a day, with the assistance of her maid. She found, as a good many others have found, that New Yorkers are willing to pay big prices for goods that thoroughly please them."

MAGNA CHARTA ISLAND.

IT seems strange that the royal government should not step in and purchase the famous island at Runnymede, where the Great Charter of British liberties was signed. Think of Bunker Hill or Independence Hall being put up at auction, and, what is worse, not finding a purchaser. Some American ought to buy the old English manor and present it to all English-speaking people, for we all have shared in the liberties which Magna Charta granted there more than six hundred years ago. The attempted sale is noticed in a London daily:

The freehold manorial and sporting estate of Ankerwycke, in Buckinghamshire, was offered for sale yesterday at the City Auction Mart, Tokenhouseyard, by Messrs. Walton & Lee of Mount Street, Grosvenor Square. Included in the sale, and forming part of the property, which for a considerable distance is bordered by the river Thames, was Magna Charta Island. The island contains a handsome residence, on the walls of the reception-room being painted the shields and arms of the barons who were in attendance at the signing of Magna Charta. The auctioneer stated that in the center of the room was a table with a stone top, bearing this inscription: "Be it remembered that on this island, June 15, 1215, John, King of England, signed Magna Charta, and in the year 1734 this building was erected in commemoration of

that great and important historical event by George Simon Harcourt, Esq., Lord of the Manor, and then High Sheriff of the county." The total area of the estate, which is within a short distance of Windsor, is about 694 acres, producing an estimated annual rental of £2,079. The biddings commenced with an offer of £36,000, which was subsequently increased to £50,000. The reserve price, not having been touched, the property was withdrawn and submitted in twelve separate lots, but, save in one instance, the prices tendered were not considered sufficient, and in the interests of the venders the eleven lots were withdrawn.

DANGEROUS ARTICLES.

It is often interesting and instructive to read the rules and regulations of a large company. The strange things that are forbidden show what some people expect of the corporation. A sign nailed up conspicuously in the restaurant of a western ranch town speaks volumes for the natural gallantry of the inhabitants, and for the exhausted patience of the proprietor, who employed a woman in his kitchen. The sign reads, "No foolishness with the cook."

The following extract from an interview with a post-office clerk in Chicago shows what Uncle Sam has been compelled to do to protect his mail service:

"Destructive unmailable matter is divided into two classes. One class of these objectionable articles cannot be mailed at all; and the other class cannot be mailed except when inclosed in tin or wood. Those articles that are unmailable under any cirumstances are liquids, oils, ointments, fatty substances easily liquefiable, soft soap, powdered red pepper, poisons, explosives, inflammable matter, animals alive or dead, unless stuffed, fruits, vegetables, matter having a bad odor, razors, and fire-arms, except in detached pieces. These articles are not admitted to the mails knowingly under any conceivable circumstances. Then candy, cake, confectionery, pastes, glass, and sharp-pointed instruments, including fish-hooks and needles, are not admitted unless inclosed in tin or wood. This rule is just as inflexible as the other. People complain about both of them, but they complain in vain."

"What harm do such things do in the mails?"

"Two things must be borne in mind to understand this: First, with reference to mailing clerks, that they work at night by an imperfect light, with great rapidity, and have to seize mail matter by the armful before they have inspected it; secondly, with reference to other mail matter, that letters and merchandise parcels often go together in the same pouch. In large offices separate pouches are provided, but where one pouch will hold all the letters and parcels, only one is used; and in process of transportation these pouches are rolled and shaken incessantly, and often subjected to considerable heat. Keeping these two facts in mind the danger of mailing these articles may be seen, though some people can't see it even then. A razor is a peculiar thing. The blade can easily be pushed through the handle. When in a mail-pouch if a Webster's Dictionary falls on it, the blade cuts through any wood or tin box it is likely to be inclosed in, and then remains exposed for the rest of the journey. By the incessant jolting of a railroad train it will then make rats'-nests of a hundred letters, and on its arrival at its destination cut off a finger or two for a post-office clerk. Long experience and numerous accidents have led the department, therefore, to prohibit the mailing of them altogether. Fire-arms are unmailable for the simple reason that so many fools insist on mailing them loaded. They cannot be mailed except in detached pieces."

TURKISH COOKERY.

The indolence of the women of the harem is described in an article in the "Chicago Tribune," from which we take the following description of a dinner among the Turkish women:

As the men do the cooking and the main part of the sewing in Egypt, it is easy to see why there is no employment for women. Except in rare cases, their intelligence does not exceed that of an American child ten or twelve years of age. Therefore, the men, although themselves not much superior, still have hardly any respect for them, and, as there is little of the sentiment of love among them, they seem to look upon their women only as indispensable adjuncts of the continuance of the race.

Let me describe a dinner in the harem when a guest is present. Their tables are always circular and about a foot and a half in height. They sit like dolls around them on cushions. The old, inactive, and fat, once down, have to be pulled up. They serve but one dish at a time, and that in a large circular salver of silver, brass, or sometimes gold.

They have no forks, knives, or spoons, but each dips two fingers of the right hand into the dish and takes out a bit, the meat having been cut into small pieces in the kitchen.

If they wish to particularly distinguish a visitor they select a dainty piece and place it in her mouth. It would be an insult to betray any feeling but delight at such a mark of favor. A great dish for a feast, and one which few Christian women have ever tasted, is that of a lamb roasted whole. After the manner of a nest of Chinese boxes, each smaller than the other, the lamb is stuffed with a whole turkey, the turkey with a chicken, the chicken with a pigeon, the pigeon with a quail, the quail with a becafica, the smallest bird known except the hummingbird. It resembles our reed-bird in taste, and makes just a mouthful. The lamb is roasted over a slow fire until it is cooked to shreds and melts into one, as it were. The Egyptians have no systematized way of eating, no set time for meals, but keep up a continual munching of sweets, of which they have a great variety unknown to us, and all sickeningly sweet to a European palate. They use honey for sugar.

In an Egyptian kitchen there is a total absence of what a civilized cook would consider indispensable in the way of cooking utensils and appliances. These is no dresser upon which to arrange the dishes; there is no sink nor running water, nor any thing like our cooking-stove or range, but upon one side of the kitchen there is erected a structure of masonry which resembles a great square shelf with deep drawers, the openings to which are on the top. This queer object is the Egyptian range—the openings are charcoal furnaces, and as they are disconnected a cook can have a dozen fires, or only one, as he desires. I have often been astonished at the excellence and delicacy of a dinner cooked upon one of these rude ranges.

A GOOD COOK-BOOK.

Rev. Dr. Crook, of Columbus, O., sends us the following anecdote as a new illustration of the ready wit which characterizes every utterance of Dr. Holmes:

A lady of prosaic habit of mind called at Mr. Smythe's book-store in this city, and inquired for "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

Mr. Smythe's stock of the volume was unfortunately exhausted.

"Then what other good *cook-book* have you?" she inquired.

The book-seller, thinking that Dr. Holmes would appreciate the incident, wrote to him an account of it. The witty poet replied,

"Why did you not sell her a copy of 'Cook's Monday Lectures?' then she would have a good *Cook* book."

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

Mr. Froude, the English historian, in a recent book of travels in the English colonies, describes a visit to a Maori village in New Zealand. One of the party, an amateur artist, was the hero of the following adventure:

On our way back we passed a cottage with creepers growing over the roof, a patch of garden, and a clump of bushes closing it in and sheltering it. Before the door an ancient Maori dame, black-haired, black-eyed, but with a skin wrinkled by the suns of many summers, was engaged in drying some fish. She was a hard-looking old savage, bare-headed, bare-armed, and bare-legged, with a short, brown petticoat, and a handkerchief crossed over her neck. The scene was characteristic; E—— wished for a recollection of it, and produced his sketch-book. Now, the natives object strongly to being drawn—either themselves or their houses. Partly they look on it as enchantment, partly as a taking away something of theirs for which their leave is required, and a bargain arranged beforehand. E—— sat himself down on the fern, about half a dozen yards from where the old woman was at work, and began to draw. She looked up uneasily, glanced first at E—— and then called to some of her own people who were digging potatoes not very far off. Either they did not hear her or did not understand what was the matter. They took no notice and she turned again to her fish. Presently she raised herself to her full height, turned direct to E—— and then to us, and gave a prolonged howl. E—— sat on, glancing at her movements with increasing interest, and transferring them to his paper. She howled again, and, as he made no sign of moving, she made a step toward him, flashing her eyes and gesticulating violently. The more angry she grew the more picturesque became her figure and the more deliberately E—— studied her. She snatched up a stick and shook it at him. The arm and stick were instantly introduced into the drawing. It was too much; she went for him like a fury, came so close that she could have struck him, and had her arm raised to do it. With the most entire imperturbability he did not move a muscle, but drew as calmly as if he had been drawing a tree or a rock. Her features were convulsed with rage. His indifference paralyzed her, perhaps frightened her. There is a mesmerism in absolute coolness which is too strong for excited nerves. She dropped her stick, turned sullenly round, and hid herself in her cabin.

A SPELLING LESSON.

People, as a rule, are particular about having their names spelled correctly, and they are not to be blamed for their preference. You may make the aristocratic Smythe a life-long enemy by writing his in the plebeian fashion—Smith. Here is a post-master who was extremely anxious to have the name of his city spelled properly:

The post-master at Buffalo, in making up the mail for Binghamton, persisted in inserting the "p" in addressing the package, though the Binghamton post-master had written to him on the subject, explained that the "p" should be omitted, and asked that the correction be made. The Buffalo post-master paid no attention to the request, continuing to address the packages as before, and finally the Binghamton man, a somewhat peppery individual, got mad. He had to address a mail package to Buffalo daily, and, after making it up, he wrote upon the outside in big letters the word "Buffalop," adding beneath it the message:

"There! How do you like to have the name of your old town spelled with a 'p,' too?"

It is said that this reformed the Buffalo official.

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 a year, when taken in clubs of TEN *to one address; single copies, $1 25.*

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

ANOTHER look at Laura—the girl with one talent. We review her resources. We take an inventory, as merchants say. Self-knowledge; as to arithmetic and algebra—minus; geography and history—moderate; orthography, rhetoric, and elocution—deficient; no voice, no music, no conversational power; artistic skill at the minimum; no commercial ability. A girl with a father and mother, with brothers and sisters, and One Talent. What Laura's one talent is we set ourselves at work to find out.

LAURA slept soundly. The pillow was welcome at night and the parting was hard in the morning. When the first bell rang she wished she could pull the tongue out of it and hide the brazen disturber of her peace beyond all power of finding. She thought it would be so delightful to sleep for two hours more, or one hour, or thirty minutes, or—fifteen minutes. But scarcely had the echo of the bell died away before Laura had summoned herself and commanded herself, and in due time—without too much speed to prevent the well-doing of all that had to be done, and without too much slowness to break the morning order of the household below stairs—she reported herself for duty wherever that morning the line of duty had been cast. She always came in with a cheerful smile and a hearty salutation. The girl in the kitchen used to say, "When Miss Laura comes in a mornin' I shield my poor eyes for the brightness." It was Bridget's blarney, but when you know Laura you will excuse Bridget's extravagance. Usually one or two of the children had to be buttoned or hooked, combed or coddled, and who could do it so well as Laura, who greeted a chance of that kind as she would a streak of sunshine, or a whiff of air from fields of new-mown hay. "They love it and I love it," she said.

A GREETING, a kiss, a playful sally, a lively question, were ready for father and mother. The voice that could not sing was music itself in home speech; and if its owner could not talk at breakfast about Gladstone's policy, or the definition of beauty given by the last night's lecturer in Osmond Hall, she could ask questions enough to keep every body talking, each in the line of his liking; and without knowing how wise and strong she was, Laura Onetalent used her love and common sense and tact in keeping peace at the table, repressing uncomfortable topics, drawing out people according to their bent and ability; and too "stupid" to say much herself, she was sagacious enough to play the general with the wit and wisdom of all the rest. And if they—the "all the rest" of the household—had a good time, Laura was happy. When breakfast and prayer were over, if there were not problems in algebra to be solved, or selections from Liszt or Bach to be practiced, or an essay for a Shakespearean club to be written (and she was always excused from such service), there was something to do with mother or for mother, with Bridget or in Bridget's stead; something for father or the boys; something for the little girls; something in bedroom, kitchen, parlor, or cellar; sweeping, dusting, bed-making, cooking, stitching, watching, errand-going, calling—always something that needed to be done for the good order and good feeling of the household; and Laura, who could not do great things to make the world wonder, did her share and was glad to do more than her share of little things, which in the doing and in the spirit of the doing made "society girls" wonder at Laura's goodness and patience, and all which made other mothers envious of Laura's mother, and which, moreover, pleased the King on the throne in the central chamber of Laura's heart.

OUR young friend was not "perfectly beautiful," but she was not "homely." She was "sweet and clean," as some one put it. "I cannot be beautiful, but I can be pure," she said to herself. And if there ever was a girl who kept her teeth perfectly clean, whose nails were always in good order, whose person was all that water and soap could keep it, whose clothes were like the "King's daughter" in the psalm, that person was Laura. Her hands could not always be soft and white, and like a picture, because she worked. She was worth something, and could not afford to have hands of alabaster. Laura knew how to work and still keep her hands presentable. She gave attention to them, and yet did not neglect to labor with them. People said, "Isn't it wonderful that with all the work she does her hands always look so well?" She was not a particularly smart girl, but she said, "I'd ten times over rather have people say that than to say, 'No wonder she has such fair hands—the lazy thing!'" And people do say such things about girls. Laura was not graceful. She could not bow a "regulation" bow. She got along well enough while she did not try to be graceful. Therefore she did not try. She said "good-morning" and "good-evening" in plain English, and with a quiet bowing that could scarcely be called a bowing of the head. She knew she was not a belle, nor a prodigy, and therefore acted out, with no assumed and confessed self-depreciation, her own real self—Laura Onetalent. For in fact she had messages and inspirations from the King of her life that gave her more self-respect than a great many "gifted" people have, and the joy of her life was so great at times that she did not know how to express it. So she turned her joy into work.

LAURA was not often invited to state dinners, and rarely went to grand receptions and parties. She would be a cipher at such places. She went to please her mother or her friends, but did not care to go. And to tell the whole truth, she was not much missed. The girls said, "She isn't our kind, you know," and Laura said, "I'm not their kind, you know," and her mother said, "I'm so glad she is not their kind." But Laura could go and be welcomed to all the houses of these people. Indeed, she would go and help the girls get ready for their parties, and help get the parlors in shape. Then she would smile her sweet smile, and kiss them good-bye, and go home with her one talent, to pet the baby and brush father's hair, and let mother get a little rest. And then at nine o'clock, stupid thing! she would go to bed full of peace, loving every body, wondering what she could do to-morrow to make the day a good one for the whole household; and while the old clock ticked in the hall and the katydids

chirped in the trees, and the silence of night fell over the old homestead, a message came from the King—"She hath done what she could." Then was Laura very happy, and she fell asleep. She went to these grand houses at other times than at the preparation for the feasts. She went when the girls were ill, or when mothers were worked down with so much visiting and late hours, and wanted some restful presence to comfort them a bit. She would rub their foreheads, darken the room, answer their questions in low, sweet tones, put courage into them. And they did love to have her there. They had heard what Bridget said, and they believed the Irish metaphor. Poor Laura! If she could only master geometry, and quote Shakespeare, and delight parlors with repartee humorous as Sydney Smith's, or caustic as Swift's! If she could only play on the piano, or paint pictures, or decorate China, or discuss philosophy! But, poor child, she can only comfort people, and brighten their lives, and help them to be patient, and put love into the hearts of servant-girls and joy into the souls of little children, and make heaven more real and duty more noble and death only "a gray eve betwixt two shining days!" Poor Laura! What a pity that her life is such a failure! Is it a failure? And I heard the voice of the King: "She hath done what she could."

Laura's one talent is an idea—a *thought* of a life in which one's whole energy is concentrated upon being and doing all that one can. It is the key-note of her life. It is the king of her soul. She says, "If I with one talent work up to my measure, my life in its measure becomes a full life; and if I cannot be great, I may be useful. If I cannot sing, I may live a poem. If I am not rich in money, I may be rich in motive, and royal-souled, and help people to be true, and to use their larger powers as I try to use my limited powers—at their best and for the best. Though what I give may be small, it is my all. Though there be little done, it may be well done." Verily, life may be a "success" even though it be lowly life, plain service become a work of art, and simple and sincere souls be accounted more worthy than sons of genius. It is high praise for the King to say, "She hath done what she could."

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

Lesson for March 21, 1886. Messiah's Messenger.—Mal. 3. 1–6; 4. 1–6. Golden Text.—Mal. 3. 1.

The year, from January 1 to December 31, has many bright and lovely days in its long procession—days when the shining sun, the cloudless skies, the balmy air, the green and golden fields, the singing birds, the richest perfume make life a delight. On such days one rejoices in existence, and can believe all the sweet things that poets sing of Eden and that prophets say of heaven. But there are other days in the circle of the year—days of darkness, of driving rain, and sleet, and snow; days of thunder, and lightning, and cyclone; days of biting cold, and days of melting heat; days when the glory has gone out of the heavens and all charm out of the earth; days when simply to be is to bear a burden, and death does not seem so very far away or so very dreadful.

The two sides of life in the rolling year are a symbol of another life in the spiritual realm where we find light and darkness, joy and sorrow, things we call "good" and things we call "evil." Now our calling things good or evil, or our thinking them to be so, does not make them so. Some things we think evil are good, and *vice versa*.

But back of this world of shadows and the other and inner world of spiritual existence there is a moral standard having its basis in God's own character, judged by which things are really good or evil. God is, and he is a rewarder. There is a right and there is a wrong. Between them there is no possible compromise. And in God's word the distinction is made clear. God himself is represented as loving the one and hating the other. The strength of his delight in virtue is only equaled by the strength of his wrath against sin.

The lesson of the day shows this divine attitude toward righteousness and toward sin. The one God purifies, the other he punishes. He prepares his saints to offer to him "an offering of righteousness." He does this as by "the refiner's fire and the fullers' soap." Much of what we call "evil" in our earthly experience is only God's way of cleansing us. The gold tested and refined by fire might find fault with the heat of the furnace, but by that very heat it is fitted for the highest uses to which best gold is put. Don't repine when you suffer. If you truly desire to be a child of God accept his fatherly corrections and thank him for affliction.

But what storms of wrath are poured out upon sinners—whatever kind of sinners they may be—in the Church or out of it! A fire burns now, but not unto purification. You cannot by fire increase the value of stubble. By fire you destroy it. Woe to the man who sins! This is the whole tenor of Scripture touching the confirmed and unrepentant sinner: "Woe! woe! woe! to the wicked!"

To the penitent—pardon; to the returning prodigal—welcome; to the soul weary of sin—rest; to the captive tired of his chains and seeking release—liberty; to the hungry—the bread of life; to the empty, barren, despairing soul who looks to Christ—fullness, hope, and triumph. But to the impenitent, selfish, worldly, incorrigible soul—Woe! woe! woe!

Turn, my young reader, to the Lord who made you, redeemed you, offers you pardon and life everlasting.

May the Sun of righteousness arise upon you, with healing in his wings!

OUR YOUTH DEBATING CLUB.

Subject.

Resolved, That Chinese immigration should be restricted.

Summing Up—Affirmative.

The argument of the affirmative is based upon the undoubted right and duty of every government to provide for the general welfare of the majority of its citizens. It has been shown that the unrestricted immigration of Chinese laborers endangers both the moral and the social status of the American workman.

The Chinese affect morals by the example and contagion of their vices of gambling, opium-smoking, and licentiousness; and by diminishing the price of labor, their only commodity, they indirectly influence for the worse our social condition. For, having lived in an over-crowded country where the ceaseless competition of millions has forced wages to the starvation point, and has dragged down the standard of living until the laborer is content with a filthy hovel and a bowl of rice, the Chinese in America, with such misguided conceptions of comfort, can underbid our laborers, accustomed as they are to the simple luxuries of civilized and Christian homes, and force them down to their own degraded level.

Not till we would bring upon this nation the curse of a laboring class demoralized and brutalized should we grant free access to the baneful influences of Asiatic civilization. A. S. B.

Negative.

All the arguments that have been brought up on the negative side of this great question have more or less a religious foundation. They have proved that although a nation may have degraded practices, and may be more highly esteemed than others, yet, so long as the atmosphere of freedom is afloat, the people are free indeed.

The Chinese, we have been told, should have just as much right to be free and kept at liberty as a native of our own land; for the simple reason *they are free*. (Some think otherwise.) The race, too, while it does not form a very desirable population, is, generally speaking, a race of remarkable calmness and harmlessness, also very timid.

This country, which stands to-day a Christian land, ought to try and reach, in some way, the minds and hearts of those who have fallen in vice, and try to elevate them.

In conclusion, because Chinese immigration competes with workingmen is no reason why it should be restricted, for plenty of others would be restricted too.

This restriction would result in turning out all from our Christian schools and colleges. When they know no God it is our duty to point them to him. A. Chas. D.

428 West 33d Street, N. Y.

Next Subject.

Resolved, That the term of the itinerancy in the Methodist Episcopal Church should be extended to six years.

Arguments should be forwarded to Our Youth, Plainfield, N. J., the affirmative before March 13 and 20; the negative before March 27 and April 3, 1886.

BEST BOOKS.

Hymns and Carols for Easter Day, set to music by Dorsey W. Hyde. Sacred Music Depot: 73 Bible House, New York. Price, 15 cents. This is a collection of ten hymns and carols suitable for Easter exercises in Church and Sunday-school. The selection of words is wise, and the new music appropriate and attractive. Superintendents and choristers who are looking for Easter music should send for this choice little volume. Liberal discounts will be made to purchasers of large quantities.

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

THE TEN POINTS OF DOCTRINE.

I. I believe that all men are sinners.
II. I believe that God the Father loves all men and hates all sin.
III. I believe that Jesus Christ died for all men to make possible their salvation from sin, and to make sure the salvation of all who believe in him.
IV. I believe that the Holy Spirit is given to all men to enlighten and to incline them to repent of their sins and to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.
V. I believe that all who repent of their sins and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ receive the forgiveness of sin. [This is justification.]
VI. I believe that all who receive the forgiveness of sin are at the same time made new creatures in Jesus Christ. [This is regeneration.]
VII. I believe that all who are made new creatures in Christ Jesus are accepted as the children of God. [This is adoption.]
VIII. I believe that all who are accepted as the children of God may receive the inward assurance of the Holy Spirit to that fact. [This is the witness of the Spirit.]
IX. I believe that all who truly desire and seek it may love God with all their heart and soul, mind and strength, and their neighbors as themselves. [This is entire sanctification.]
X. I believe that all who persevere to the end, and only those, shall be saved in heaven forever. [This is the true final perseverance.]

THE "Ten Points of Doctrine" are inserted here for a few weeks, that our young Methodist Episcopal readers may commit them to memory. They constitute a body of divinity worth knowing.

We resume the question:

What can the members of the Oxford League do in the line of work?

Three answers have been given:

ANSWER 1. They may attend the regular meetings of the church.

ANSWER 2. They may, under the direction of the pastor and of the Quarterly Conference Committee, distribute religious literature of the right kind, to the right people, at the right time, and in the right way.

ANSWER 3. They may, in personal resolve and effort, encourage dignity and reverence at all public and social religious services. We come now to

ANSWER 4. They may assist in pastoral visitation. This is a branch of service through which the original Oxford Brotherhood accomplished some of their best results. They visited the rooms of their fellow-students, called on young fellows who were especially exposed to temptation, made appointments with earnest inquirers in their own rooms, went to prisons, hospitals, poor-houses, neglected portions of the town, and homes of poverty. They talked face to face with the worst sinners, won the confidence of little children, reproved evil-doers, and by use of personal presence and the living voice worked hand to hand with souls in the name of Christ.

We need more pastoral work by the laity. Young people ought to be brought up in the Church with tact and taste in this direction. The Oxford League proposes to cultivate this useful habit and the spirit which gives it efficacy.

It is not necessary that this visitation be always set on a specific spiritual aim. It does not follow that a "call" to be religiously useful must be full of religious conversation. There are times when to omit such conversation would be better for those one would help. A friendly greeting, a pleasant smile, a hearty shake of the hand may establish personal relations which, at a later time, may be used for direct religious effort. Talk on religion is not the best use to which one may put a call or visit. Talk on religion may be mere emptiness, a sounding brass, a tinkling cymbal. Religious power lies in invisible influence, which is like the atmosphere. One breathes it in and lives by it. Talk may sometimes minister to religious influence, and it may sometimes, and often does, mar and weaken it. Influence depends upon confidence. The talk that does not find responsive confidence in the talker by the person talked to is wasted talk. It may therefore pay to establish relations with people as a basis of good influence. Calls may be made on friends and neighbors, young and old, rich and poor, as a means of creating influence through which a more positive religious work may later on be accomplished.

BUT do not let us be beguiled into the neglect of specific religious work. We must avoid extremes. Don't be unwise in speaking prematurely. But don't be unwise in not speaking at all. Talk about religious truth. Talk to individuals about their religious needs. Ask questions, quote Scripture, exhort, admonish, answer objections, suggest, and do all you can to awaken a personal interest in the greatest of all themes.

IN religious visitation act naturally. Talk on subjects in which you are at home, until you feel at home in talking on religion. Avoid religious tones and solemn looks and professional expressions. These belong to that most unprofitable thing which people call "cant," and which is different and distinct from religion as tissue-paper flowers from a garden of roses or a field of wheat. Avoid "cant." One single sentence of religious counsel spoken sincerely and in a natural tone is worth a whole hour of platitudes about religion pronounced in a forced, stilted, and professional way. Be natural.

YOU may visit young people who do not have access to society. You may visit boys who are invalids and to whom an hour's talk about outside and general matters would be so refreshing, especially for the personal interest thus manifested. You may visit poor-house, prison, and hospital. You may read to the blind and bedridden. If there be a will, there will be a way.

AN Oxford League has been organized at Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, *Evansville, Ind.*, Rev. Frost Craft, Pastor, Ella Edwards, Secretary.

THE *Creston, Ia.*, Oxford League, Rev. W. H. W. Rees, Pastor, suspended special meetings during the revival of the past winter, but will prosecute its work with new vigor as soon as the meetings are over. The pastor says, "Our young people greatly enjoy the Readings."

GOOD reports come from Oxford League Chapter, No. 1, *Chariton, Ia.* A successful normal class is now being carried on by the pastor, Rev. M. D. Collins, who reports: "Members of the League are all growing as workers in the Church. Of course, they were largely picked members as workers who united with the League in the first place, but I think the League has developed some additional power by instructional and association aids."

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

EXCLAMATION.

CLOSELY allied to *Interrogation* in idea and aim is another figure of speech called *Exclamation*. Although alike in that both attract attention to a thought by employing an unusual form of expression, these two figures differ widely. Interrogation asks whether a thing is or is not true, while exclamation assumes the thing to be a reality. For example, in the interrogative form we might ask, "Was it not a magnificent sight?" while if exclamation were the figure to be preferred, we should say, "What a magnificent sight it was!"

Just here it is not out of place to call attention to one fact about interrogation and exclamation. You are always able to tell these figures in print for one reason if for no other, because custom has given each a sign (? !). However difficult it may be to decide between simile and metaphor, or metonomy and synecdoche, these significant characters set all doubt at rest in regard to interrogation and exclamation. Here we see the "irony of fate," for there are no figures more readily distinguished or less likely to be confused with others than these very two.

Examples of exclamation are numerous in literature and altogether too frequent in daily conversation. Exclamation should be the outward expression of emotion, as when Hamlet says:

"What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

It should be remembered that merely beginning a phrase with "what" or "how" and ending with an exclamation point does not constitute a rhetorical exclamation. The person who uses this figure sincerely does it because his emotions are too deep and powerful to find expression in a more prosaic way. The law that language should be appropriate to thought and occasion finds application here.

We have said that exclamation is too frequently employed in daily conversation. Go into a crowded art gallery and listen a half-hour to the comments to be heard on every hand: "How beautiful!" "What exquisite coloring!" "How charming the view!" etc. It may be that some artistic and æsthetic soul is moved to such a degree that these outbursts become natural, but with the majority they are simply the result of a conversational habit, which has a weakening effect on the true form of the figure. It's the old story of the boy watching the sheep. He called a few times for fun, and in time of need no one would come. So if people are always using the outward expressions of emotion when their hearts are cold and their imaginations passive, in time of real and sincere feeling no one will heed their outbursts.

When a beautiful view and a piece of lemon pie both call from a young lady's lips the exclamation, "How lovely!" it is time for us to set about inquiring whither our language is tending.

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE."

UNDER this strange title there was published some time ago a little book prepared by a Portuguese gentleman to assist his countrymen in acquiring a conversational knowledge of the English language. The blunders in which it abounds make it popular as a humorous production, although it was written in all sincerity and earnestness.

Here are a few examples of "English as she is *wrote*," by an American and an Englishman.

One of our daily papers made a weather prediction a short time ago as follows:

"The barometer will—or rather has already—fall an inch."

Mr. George Saintsbury, an Englishman, has written a book on "Prose Style," telling how people should and should not write. A critic has kindly collected the following specimens of "prose style" from one of Mr. Saintbury's articles. We think that our readers will be

amused and profited by looking over these paragraphs. The mistakes are most obvious and clumsy:

1. "He saw the rise, and, *in some instances the death, of Tennyson*, Thackeray, Macaulay, Carlyle, Dickens."
2. "*See* a *place* which Kingsley, *or* Mr. Ruskin, *or* some other master of our decorative school, *have* described—*much more* one which has fallen into the hands of the small fry of their imitators—and you are almost sure to find that *it has been overdone*."
3. "The great mass of his translations, published and unpublished, and the smaller mass of his early hackwork, no doubt *deserves* judicious excerption."
4. "The Romany Rye *did not appear* for six years—*that is to say, in* 1857."
5. "The elaborate apparatus which most prose tellers of fantastic tales *use*, and generally *fail in using*. . . ."
6. "The great writers, whether they try to be like other people or try not to be like them (*and something in the first place most of all*), succeed *only* in being themselves."
7. "If he had a slight *overdose* of Celtic blood and Celtic peculiarity, it was *more than made up* by the readiness of literary expression which it gave him. He, if any one, bore an English heart, though, *as there often has been*, there was something perhaps more than English as well as less than it in his fashion of expression."
8. "His flashes of ethical reflection, though like *all* ethical reflections *often* one-sided."
9. "He certainly was an *unfriend* to Whiggery."
10. "*That it contains* a great deal of quaint and piquant writing *is only to say* that its writer wrote it."
11. "Wild Wales, too, because of *its* easy and direct *opportunity* of comparing its description with the originals."
12. "The capital *and* full length portraits."
13. "His attraction is *one* neither manly nor in any very great degree one of pure form."
14. "*Constantly* right *in general*."

These are merely a few examples of the style of Mr. Saintsbury, a writer who seems quite ignorant of the commonest laws both of grammar and of literary expression, who has apparently no idea of the difference between the pronouns "this" and "that," and who has as little hesitation in ending the clause of a sentence with a preposition as he has in inserting a parenthesis between a preposition and its object, a mistake of which the most ordinary school-boy would be ashamed.

Familiar Quotations.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."—*Richard Lovelace.*

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us."—*Robert Burns.*

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL-MASTER.

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."
—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

A Charade.

I — Pompous and egotistical old school-master uses *I* considerably.
CON — Small boy *cons* his lesson.
O — Small boy deficient in his lesson is chastised by the school-master. Frequent and natural ejaculations of O! from culprit.
CLAS(S) Teacher calls spelling-class to order.
TIC(K) Loud-ticking clock in empty school-room.
ICONOCLASTIC—Crowds of school children enter the room and destroy the old copy-books which the teacher keeps on his desk, and which they explain is "his idol."

Kite-Flying.

We will suppose that the kite which we described last week is now thoroughly dry, and that a strong steady breeze is blowing out-of-doors. Naturally we want to see that kite sailing about among the clouds as soon as possible, but in kite-flying, as in every thing else, "haste makes waste," and we must be very careful in "rigging" and "getting up" our kite.

First of all we must make arrangements for fastening the twine to the kite. On each long stick six inches *upward* from the cross of the kite make a little mark with a pencil, and eight inches *downward* on each long stick make similar marks. These are the points at which the bands are to be attached.

The bands should be of light fish-line, and adjusted as follows: At the marks already made, punch small holes through the paper close to each side of the stick. Pass the twine from the front of the kite through one hole around the stick, and back through the other hole. Tie a firm knot which will not slip. The stick may be notched very slightly if necessary.

Make the upper band long enough to reach within an inch of the cross when it is drawn down toward the center. The lower band should a little more than reach the upper. Take the end of the flying twine, pass it through both bands, and knot it firmly so that there can be no slipping, for, if when the kite is once up the bands slip, it is likely to "dive" and wreck itself.

In order to fly well the kite must assume a position like that indicated in Fig. 1, and for this reason the upper band is made shorter than the lower, so that the kite will slant at the right angle.

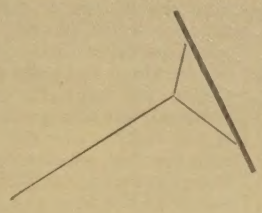

Fig. 1.

Now for the tail. The old-fashioned kite-tail was made of rolls of paper tied along a string, but cloth tail has been found much more satisfactory. The very best material for kite-tails is old linen or muslin, which may be torn into long, regular strips, and sewed or knotted together. The tail-band is attached firmly to the lower extremities of the long sticks, just as the other bands are fastened further up. A loop is made in the middle of the tail-band, and the tail put through it, for it would be disastrous to have the tail slip from side to side.

The kite-cord should be strong white twine, wound "hand over, hand under" on a stick so that it will pay out easily.

The best place to fly a kite is in an open field or meadow. In the country it is easy to find a good spot for the purpose, but in town and city empty lots are few, and telegraph and telephone wires woefully plenty. Having selected your spot, put on the kite what you think will be enough tail, and get a friend to hold the kite by the cross in the rear while you walk *toward* the wind paying out twine. When you are thirty yards from the kite stand still, holding the twine firmly in the right hand. Wait for a strong gust of wind, and then with a shout to "let go," run forward, not too fast, keeping an eye on the kite. If it dives about wildly let out a little twine, if it continues "diving" bring it down and add some tail. If, on the other hand, the kite rises slowly and sluggishly it will probably be necessary to take off a piece of the ballast.

When these matters are adjusted try again, and if it rises quickly and vigorously pay out your twine not too rapidly. The moment it begins to sink stop letting out, and if this fails "wind in" until it recovers. When once safely up on a steady breeze, a kite requires little attention, but on a squally day it is very much like a yacht, and needs careful watching. During the gusts when the kite "dives," let out, but "wind in" during the lulls. Never let out all your twine on a windy day, for you will have no reserve when your kite dives, and you may lose it.

Kite-flying is an excellent sport. It demands mechanical skill and close attention, and keeps the flyer out in the open air—a more than good thing in itself.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

Will the remains of the twenty-five dead miners in Wyoming Valley be discovered one or two hundred years hence and furnish arguments in favor of pre-Adamite man? The geologists can show how many millions of years it must have required for the formation of the strata of soil and rock between the dead men and daylight.

God weigheth more with how much love a man worketh than how much he doeth. He doeth much that loveth much.

He doeth much that doeth a thing well. He doeth well that rather serveth the common weal than his own will.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

Our Youth grows in favor with all classes of readers. A Presbyterian clergyman writes to the editor: "Let me congratulate you warmly, my dear Doctor, on Our Youth. It is capital—so capital that in spite of its sharp Methodist Episcopacy I give it the heartiest sort of welcome into this Scotch Presbyterian home."

Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller, formerly editor of the "Little Corporal," writes: "Our Youth is all that youth should be—bright, earnest, enthusiastic, helpful, hopeful, charming."

If there be cleansing power in currents of fresh air sweeping through a house, the northern portion of these United States will have reason to be congratulated for the good work of the wind during the last days of February and the first days of March. And when the "good work" is over and the winds are still for a time, there will be great joy among the people.

A man of ordinary taste must grow indignant at the abominable advertising expedients which mar the views from car windows on the Pennsylvania Railway, especially between New Brunswick and Philadelphia. Barns, corn-cribs, fences, and even an occasional dwelling-house, are hired by mercenary dealers from mercenary proprietors, and, having been painted black, are covered with flaring advertisements of "Pills," "Syrup," "Tonic," etc., etc., and, sad to say, one book dealer in Philadelphia so far forgets the dignity of his trade, and the decencies which belong to it, as to descend to the wretched dodges of patent medicine men, and paint his name in this offensive way across the landscape. But what shall be said of the covetous people who for a pittance will thus spoil scenery for the traveling public, and bring reproach upon our American civilization. Personally we patronize no paper dealer or book-seller who stoops to these contemptible devices.

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Italy.

(Area, 114,410 sq. miles; population, 28,459,628; ruler, King Humbert I.)

THE islands of Sicily and Sardinia and the Italian peninsula constitute the modern kingdom of Italy. Seas and mountains inclose the country on every side. Its mountains include the border range of the Alps, the long central ridge of the Apennines, and two isolated volcanic peaks, Etna and Vesuvius. The Po, flowing through the great fertile plain of northern Italy, is the only large river, though the little Tiber is a more famous stream. Among the northern mountains are Lakes Maggiore, Como, Lugano, and Garda, celebrated for their unequaled beauty. To the advantages of scenery and soil is added a climate of moderate warmth throughout the year. About one third of the people are engaged in agriculture. They raise, for their own use and for export, grain, the vine, olives, oranges, lemons, chestnuts, rice, hemp, flax, and cotton. Mulberry-trees abound, and raw silk is a staple article of export. Nine Italian cities have a population of more than one hundred thousand. The largest of these are Naples and Milan. Rome, the capital, is the most famous city in the world. Here, as well as at Florence and Venice, are treasures of art and architecture which attract thousands of tourists annually.

The government of Italy is a constitutional monarchy. The Roman Catholic is the state religion, and there are but sixty thousand Protestants in the kingdom. Education is in a backward state. Not half the people can read or write. But the government is making progress toward a better condition of affairs. The army and navy are large, and help to burden the state with debt. The public debt amounts to $2,200,000,000, and is increasing. There are five thousand eight hundred miles of railways in the country, about one fourth of which are under government control.

The ancient history of Italy is the history of the rise, development, and decline of a single city. Rome, said to have been founded 753 B. C., extended her power over the whole peninsula (280 B. C.), destroyed her rival, Carthage (149 B. C.), and then subdued in turn the countries bordering upon the Mediterranean Sea. First a kingdom, then a republic, and finally an empire (B. C. 30–A. D. 476), Rome became the center of the intellect as well as of the government of the world. But the restless German tribes that swept over western Europe broke into Italy and destroyed the empire, which had long been racked by political troubles and by civil war. The Goths (493–555) and the Lombards (568–774) ruled in northern Italy till Charlemagne the Frank annexed this country to his "Western Empire" (774). About this time the bishop, or pope, of Rome, already supreme in the Church, began to exercise temporal power, claiming the right to confirm and depose kings and emperors. The German emperors for centuries came to Rome to be crowned, but they gradually lost their supremacy in Italy. The development of commerce with the East which followed the period of the Crusades brought wealth and power to the Italian cities. Venice, Florence, Pisa, and Genoa became centers of trade and of art. The fifteenth century is noted for the birth of such artists as Raphael, Angelo, and Titian. France made a vigorous attempt to conquer the rich republics south of the Alps, but Charles V., king of Spain and emperor of Germany, checked the French at Pavia (1525), and made Italy his own. Some of the states descended to branches of the Spanish royal family, some were ruled by their own nobles, as the Medici in Florence and the Borgias in Rome. There was no desire for union, no national ambition among these petty states. Napoleon kindled the national spirit, but the Congress of Vienna (1815) reinstated the petty tyrants upon their insignificant thrones. The people rose repeatedly for liberty, but the soldiers of Austria repressed their patriotic fervor. In 1848 Charles Albert, king of Sardinia, yielded to the advice of Mazzini, and declared war upon Austria in the name of Italian unity. But the pope, Pius IX., refused to support the movement, and it failed. Victor Emmanuel became king of Sardinia, and, making Count Cavour his chief counselor, they labored together for the liberation of their nation. France came to their aid, helping them to defeat the Austrians in 1859. This war united the north, and the following year Garibaldi conquered the south and added to it the Sardinian realm. All Italy was now united except Austrian Venice and papal Rome. Venice was given up by Austria in 1866, and four years later, when the French troops were withdrawn from Rome, 1870, all Italy was united under a single ruler—Victor Emmanuel. The pope protested at losing his temporal power, and shut himself up in his Vatican palace, but the king continued his work of consolidating his dominions until his death in 1878, when he was succeeded by his son, Humbert, who maintains the progressive policy of his father.

THE desire vainly cherished by so many generations of Italians was at length fully satisfied. For centuries Italy had been parceled out in fragments, each the pleasure-ground of a paltry despot. These enfeebling separations were now canceled, and she stood before the world a great and united nation in the full enjoyment of constitutional liberty. Every natural advantage seemed to be hers—a fertile soil, a genial climate, an ample sea-board, and easy communication with all the world; unity of feeling among her people, growing out of the prosecution of a common aim; a history full of ennobling memories, fitted to rouse men to worthy deeds. It remains for a later time than the present to show in what measure the Italians are able to avail themselves of their great opportunities; but the history of their few years of national life is full of promise.—*Robert Mackenzie.*

The Eastern Settlement.

(See Map in OUR YOUTH, No. 2.)

THE treaty of peace between Bulgaria and Servia was signed March 2, 1886, at the city of Bucharest on the Danube, the capital of Roumania. The provisions of the treaty have not yet been made public, but it is possible to state the basis on which the settlement has been reached.

The immediate source of all the trouble between Servia and Bulgaria was the revolution of September 4, 1885, by which the Turkish province of East Roumelia was joined to the tributary state of Bulgaria under the common rule of the Bulgarian Prince Alexander. This increase of territory kindled the jealousy of Servia and Greece. Both protested against the union, and prepared armies to enforce their remonstrance. The warlike spirit of his people compelled King Milan of the former country to declare a war of conquest in the hope of winning from Bulgaria her western province, the Widin District, as it is called. Hostilities commenced at the approach of winter. The Servian advance was rapid. Victorious in a succession of slight skirmishes, King Milan hastily crossed the border, and attempted to bring the war to a speedy and happy conclusion. But the invaders met with a vigorous resistance from Prince Alexander at the head of the united armies, and in less than a week the Servians were fleeing homeward through the mountain passes. Alexander followed, and what might have been the outcome of the struggle it is impossible to tell, for the great empires of Austria-Hungary and Russia interfered at this juncture, compelling the belligerents to agree to a truce which expired March 1, 1886.

During the suspension of hostilities, the Powers have been engaged in the task of bringing these two refractory states to a peaceful agreement. The great obstacle has been the same spirit of jealousy and distrust which caused the war. For in the meantime the Turkish government has yielded to the inevitable, and has confirmed to the triumphant Bulgarian prince the governorship of Eastern Roumelia. Until the very latest moment of the truce, Servia refused to sign the treaty which was to leave her rival the more powerful, but the advice of the guardian Powers and the moral force of their enormous military strength have prevailed, and the treaty has been signed.

There is but little to be said of the conduct of the Greeks during the recent troubles. Like their more warlike neighbors, they, too, armed themselves. But, as they had not the slightest pretext for fighting Bulgaria, they contented themselves with assuming a fierce attitude toward Turkey, and demanded the cession of Epirus to counterbalance the growing power of the fortunate Bulgaria. The Powers put forth a little strength in order to prevent actual war, and at their bidding Greece reluctantly disarmed.

The whole result, therefore, of the Roumelian revolution and the events which followed it may be stated in a few words. Bulgaria has gained for five years, and probably forever, the control of Eastern Roumelia, with an area of 13,500 sq. miles, and a population of 850,000 souls, and Alexander, become the hero of his people, now rules the strongest of the Balkan states. Servia and Greece have gained nothing, but both have lost in military prestige, the one by defeat on the field, and the other by an empty display of arms which were not meant for actual use. Turkey, "the Sick Man," has exhibited a sad degree of indecision in the crisis which is now over, but otherwise emerges from the affair without great loss.

The Language of Austria.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY, as the name implies, is made up of two states distinct in all the minor details of legislation, but subject to a common ruler, whose title is Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. In its relations with foreign nations the double monarchy is a unit, and is commonly though incorrectly called simply Austria. But in matters of internal administration the separation is sharply defined. Each state makes its own laws. It is with the Parliament (Reichsrath) of Austria proper that we are at present concerned. This body is considering the question of making German the national language of Austria.

Austria is an aggregation of small states whose inhabitants are bound together by none of the ties of a common descent and a common tongue. German is used in nearly one half of the schools of the realm, but the dialects of Bohemia, Poland, Italy, Roumania, and Hungary are spoken by more than half the people and taught in nine thousand public schools. The confusion of

tongues which exists is not only a hinderance to trade, and an obstacle to national unity, but the efficiency of the army is impaired because there is no language in which the word of command can be given so as to be understood by all the men. It is not expected that the present generation will adopt the new tongue, but, only German being taught in the schools, the Austrian youth will grow up to forget the language of their fathers.

This Austrian project is not unique. The same method has been used by other governments to obliterate the speech which is the distinguishing mark of a separate nationality. Prussia is trying to force the German language upon those of her Polish subjects whom she has not the power to expel; and in Russia, where such measures meet with none of the delays of parliamentary discussion, the decree of the Czar forces the Slavic tongue upon the border provinces which are the bulwarks of his broad dominions.

The President and the Senate.

THE dispute between the Democratic President and the Republican Senate arises from two distinct conceptions of the appointing power as conferred by the Constitution. The Constitution directs that the President shall appoint persons to office "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate." A majority of the senators interpret this to mean that it is the duty of the Senate to inquire into the reasons for removing as well as appointing government officials. In accordance with this view the Senate selected a single case of removal in the department of Justice, and requested of the Attorney-General copies of all documents in his possession relating to the management of the office in question. Their object plainly was to find out what influenced the President to make the removal. The Attorney-General, acting upon the advice of the President, denied the request of the Senate, whereupon the Judiciary Committee of that body, led by Mr. Edmunds, proposed a series of resolutions condemning the action of the Attorney-General and urging the Senate to reject all nominations unless the Executive should yield the required information.

Before this report, which is an open declaration of war between the Chief Magistrate and the Upper House of Congress, came up for debate, President Cleveland surprised the Senate by a long communication in which he defined and defended his position. He maintained that the right of removal and suspension rests with him alone, and that all documents bearing upon these matters are his own private property, although deposited for a time with the Attorney-General. He would still afford the Senate all the information at his command in regard to the fitness of his appointees, but back of these appointments the Senate had no legal right to go. The President declares that, with a few mistakes, he had redeemed his pledges to the friends of reform in the civil service. The long and spirited message closed as follows:

> Neither the discontent of party friends nor the allurements constantly offered of confirmations of appointees conditioned upon the avowal that suspensions have been made on party grounds alone, nor the threat proposed in the resolutions now before the Senate—that no confirmations will be made unless the demands of that body are complied with—are sufficient to discourage or deter me from following in the way which I am convinced leads to better government for the people. GROVER CLEVELAND.

March 1, 1886.

When the clerk of the Senate had finished reading the President's communication, Mr. Edmunds arose and in a few indignant sentences protested against it as the worst infringement of legislative rights since Charles I. lectured and threatened the Parliament of England. The most exciting debate of the session is anticipated when this message comes up for discussion. The outcome of the bitter quarrel between the President and the Senate cannot be foretold.

Pronunciation.

Al'ĕx-ăn'der.
An'ge-lō (-jē-).
Ap'en-nīnes.
Aus'trī-a.
Băl-kăn'.
Bō-hē'mi-a.
Bor'gia (-jā).
Bū'char-est.
Būl-gār'i-a (or gā).
Car'thāge.
Ca-vour' (Kā-voor').
Char-le-magne' (Shar-le-mān').
Cō'mo.
Dan'ūbe.
Ep-ī'rus.
Em-man'ū-el.
Et'na.
Flŏr'ence.
Găr-ī-băl'dĭ.
Gar'da.
Gŏth.
Hum'bert, or Un-bār'.
Hun'ga-ry (Hung'ga-ry).
Lom'bard.
Lu-gā'no.
Maz-zi'ni (Māt-see'nee).
Mag-gio're (Mād-jo'rā).
Med'i-ci (-chee).
Med'ĭt-er-rā'ne-an.
Mi-lan' (the king).
Mil'an (the city).
Nā'ples.
Na-pō'le-on.
Pä-vi'ä (-vee'-.)
Pi'sä (Pee'-).
Pi'us.
Pō.
Raph'a-el (Răf'-).
Reichs'rath (Rīkes'rāt).
Rou-mā'ni-a.
Rou-mē'li-a.
Sar-din'i-a.
Ser'vi-a.
Sic'i-ly (Sis'-).
Slăv'ic.
Tī'ber.
Tī'tian (Tish'an).
Pō'land.
Vat'ī-can.
Vēn'ice.
Ve-su'vi-us.
Vī-ĕn'na.
Wid'in.

A Brief Survey.

The popular fund for the widow of Gen. Hancock amounts to about $35,000.——The American Parnell Parliamentary contributions have reached $70,000.——An appeal is made for the sum of $15,000 with which to erect the Bartholdi Statue upon its pedestal in New York harbor.——The House of Representatives has voted to add the northern part of Idaho to Washington Territory.——An interview is reported between Gen. Crook and the lately hostile Apache Indians. The latter demanded to be restored to their reservations without punishment for their rascalities. As the General would grant no terms but unconditional surrender the meeting accomplished nothing.——On the morning of March 1, 180 Chinese residents of the suburbs of Portland, Or., were driven out by a mob.——President Cleveland sent a message to Congress March 2, stating the demand of the Chinese Minister for a money compensation for the recent outrages upon Chinese laborers. The President suggested that the money be paid as a gratuity, but not as a precedent for similar payments to any persons who may hereafter suffer damages from the riots of striking workmen.——Brig.-Gen. Alfred H. Terry has been appointed by the President to the vacancy caused by the death of Major-Gen. Hancock.——All attempts to recover the bodies of the buried miners at Nanticoke, Pa., have been abandoned on account of the danger of the work.——The strike in the McCormick Reaper Works at Chicago ended March 1.——The steamer *Idlewild* from Bridgeport to New York was wrecked in the recent gale, and eight persons who left her in an open boat were lost.——M. Pasteur announces to the French Academy that he has treated the cases of 326 persons bitten by mad dogs, and has been successful in every case except one. He hopes soon to be able to apply his inoculation treatment to diphtheria and other diseases.——Mr. John Morley, who is Mr. Gladstone's Secretary for Ireland, has intimated in a public address that the Government will be unable to carry its Home Rule policy without stronger support in Parliament, that is, that the Cabinet expects to appeal to the country at an early day for a new general election.——Horse-car travel in New York city was entirely suspended for ten hours on March 5, the drivers and conductors being out on a strike. The employers were compelled to yield. —— The Blair education bill passed the Senate March 5.

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—A constant dropping, it is commonly believed, will wear away a rock. This is somewhat of a fable, however. It depends upon the size of the rock and what it drops on. If a granite bowlder, weighing several tons, should drop on a strong man, it would wear out the man from hem to selvidge, and wouldn't perceptibly abrade the rock.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—"Here, Johnnie, what do you mean by taking Willie's cake away from him? Didn't you have a piece for yourself?"

"Yes, but you told me I always ought to take my little brother's part."—*Palmer Journal.*

—A little boy who had heard a good deal about the work of the Home Missionary Society in the Territories, was seen putting away carefully a cent which had been given him to spend.

"What are you saving your money for?" he was asked.

"O," was the reply, "I'm going to keep all my pennies till I get a lot, and then I'm going to send 'em all out West to Jesus."—*Boston Record.*

—There is something in omens, after all. A man who, under protest, made the thirteenth at a banquet, has just died. The banquet took place forty-three years ago, but the man has died, all the same.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Fine horse you've got there," said Jones, to a Kentuckian riding a beautiful bay saddler.

"Pretty fair hoss," responded the Kentuckian, with affected indifference.

"Thoroughly trained as a saddle horse, too, aint he?"

"Knows all the motions, he does."

"What do you call him?"

"Thebes."

"Thebes? That's odd. I never heard such a name for a horse before. What did you call him that for?"

"Because he has a hundred gaits, of course. Don't you know ancient history."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—Family Physician—"I'm afraid that you have been eating too much cake and candy. Let me see your tongue."

Little Girl—"O, you can look at it, but it wont tell!"—*The Judge.*

—That was a quaint conceit of the boy, who when he unlocked the horns of the two fighting goats and separated them said he had "unbuttin'ed them."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—An uptown man sent twenty-five cents to learn how to make $50 a week at home working on a capital of $1, and received the following printed slip: "Fish for fools as I do."—*Butler (Pa.) Citizen.*

—"Excuse me," he said, as he halted a gentleman in the corridor of the City Hall, "but will you lend me your eye-glasses a moment?"

He put them on his nose to read a letter, and returned them with:

"Thanks! Have you the correct time? Ah! Ten-thirty!"

He set his watch and confidentially inquired:

"Haven't any tobacco about you, eh?"

He was handed a box, and after helping himself to a liberal share he remarked:

"I want to mail a letter in the box here, but I find I have no postage stamps. If you—"

He was handed a stamp. When he had licked it on and mailed the letter he said:

"I'm going up Michigan Avenue to Twelfth Street. Do you happen to have a couple of street car tickets?"

"Sir! This is too much!" exclaimed the other. "I can stand about so much, but after that—"

"There! There! Beg your pardon! How did I know you drew the line on street car tickets? No offense—none in the least. I'll take your name and make a memorandum of where your generosity ceases, and this thing sha'n't happen again. I mistook you for a gentleman who draws the line on paying for the coupe, when I ask myself up to his house to supper."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"Mother," said a little girl to her parent, who takes a great interest in charitable institutions, "I wish I were an orphan."

"Why so, my dear?"

"Because I should see more of you, for you are all the time going to the orphan asylum."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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